SONGS, &c.

IN

The CASTLE of ANDALUSIA.

Price SIX-PENCE.

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

The Caſtle of Andaluſia.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

The TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 1783.

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

The Cupid of Arcadia.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 1789.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Scipio		Mr. WILSON.
Don Juan		Mr. FEARON.
Don Fernando		Mr. MATTOCKS.
Don Alphonſo		Mrs. KENNEDY.
Ramirez	Banditti,	Mr. REINHOLD.
Spado		Mr. QUICK.
Sanguino		Mr. MAHON.
Rapino		Mr. DAVIES.
Calvette		Mr. THOMPSON.
Pedrillo		Mr. EDWIN.
Phillipo		Mr. BRETT.
Vaſquez		Mr. STEVENS.
Lopez		Mr. LEDGER.

Dame Iſabel	Miſs PLATT.
Victoria	Miſs HARPER.
Lorenza	Signora SESTINI.
Catalina	Mrs. WILSON.

Banditti—Servants, &c.

SCENE, *Spain.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Caſtle of Andaluſia.

ACT I.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Ramirez and Banditti.

CHORUS.

HERE we ſons of freedom dwell,
In our friendly rock-hewn cell,
Pleaſure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way:
Ever great, and ever free,
Valour guards our liberty.

AIR.

Of ſevere and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils,
Dreary dungeon's iron jaws,
Oar or gibbet, whips or wheels;

How

How can we think,
While we drink
Sweet Muſcadine?
O, life divine!

CHORUS.

Here we ſons of freedom, &c.

AIR.——*Ramirez.*

FLOW thou regal purple ſtream,
Tinted by the ſolar beam,
In my goblet, ſparkling riſe,
Chear my heart, and glad my eyes;
My brains, aſcend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead, and gone away
Let my thirſty ſubjects ſay—
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

AIR.——*Alphonſo.*

THE hardy ſailor braves the ocean,
Fearleſs of the roaring wind,
Yet his heart, with ſoft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind,

To dread of foreign foes a ſtranger
Tho' the youth can dauntleſs roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger,
In a rival left at home.

AIR.——*Alphonſo.*

COME ye hours with bliſs replete,
Bear me to Victoria's feet,
Cheerleſs winter muſt I prove
Abſent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring
Shew the glad return of ſpring.

AIR.——*Pedrillo.*

A maſter I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as faſt as he can,
With a haily
Gaily
Gambo raily,
Gigg'ling,
Nigg'ling
Galloping, galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.

II.

I ſaddled his ſteed ſo fine and ſo gay,
Galloping, dreary dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

III.

We canter'd along, until it grew dark,
Galloping, dreary dun;
The nightingale ſung inſtead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.

IV.

We met with a friar, and aſk'd him our way,
Galloping, dreary dun,
By the Lord, ſays the friar, you're both gone aſtray,
With your, &c.

V.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping, dreary dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our haily, &c.

My

My maſter is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Galloping, dreary dun,
But now I think better, I'd better go ſleep,
With my haily,
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Nigg'ling,
Gigg'ling
Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.

AIR.——*Victoria.*

Ah, ſolitude, take my diſtreſs,
For my griefs I'll unboſom to thee;
Each ſigh thou canſt gently repreſs,
And thy ſilence is muſic to me.

Yet peace from my ſonnet may ſpring,
For ſweet peace, let me fly the gay throng;
To ſoften my ſorrows I ſing,
Yet ſorrow's the theme of my ſong.

AIR.——*Catalina.*

Like my dear ſwain, no youth you'd ſee,
So blythe, ſo gay, ſo full of glee,
In all our village,---who but he,
To foot it up ſo featly?
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon,
For every tune,
To kiſs 'em round ſo ſweetly.

II.

While round him in the jocund ring,
We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or ſing;
Of May the youth was choſen King,
He caught our ears ſo neatly,
Such muſic rare
In his guittar,
But touch his lute,
The crowd was mute;
His only boon
For ev'ry tune,
To kiſs 'em round ſo ſweetly.

AIR

AIR.——*Lorenza.*

LOVE! gay illuſion,
Pleaſing deluſion,
With ſweet intruſion
Poſſeſſes the mind;
Heart with heart meeting,
Paſſion is fleeting
Vows in repeating
We truſt to the wind.
Faith, to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted,
Hearts often ſlighted
Will ceaſe to be kind.

QUINTETTO.

Don Scipio, Fernando, Pedrillo, Iſabel, and *Lorenza.*

Scip. Signor!
D. Iſa. Signor!
Scip. } Your wit muſt be keener
D. Iſa. } Our prudence to elude,
Scip. Your fine plot,
Though ſo pat,
Will do you little good.
Ped. My fine plot!
I'm a ſot,
If I know what
Theſe gentlefolks are at.
Fern. Paſt the perils of the night,
Tempeſts, darkneſs, rude alarms,
Phœbus riſes clear and bright,
In the luſtre of your charms.
Loren. Oh, charming, I declare,
So polite a cavalier!
He underſtands the duty,
And homage due to beauty.
Scip. Bravo! O, Braviſſimo!
Loren. Caro! O, Cariſſimo!
How ſweet his honey words,
How noble is his mien!
Scip. Fine feathers make fine birds,
D. Iſa. The footman's to be ſeen.

Scip.

Scip. But both deſerve a baſting!
Ped. Since morning I've been faſting.
Scip. Yet, I could laugh for anger,
Ped. Oh, I could cry for hunger.
Scip. I could laugh,
Ped. I could cry,
Fern. I could quaff.
Ped. So could I.
Scip. Ha! ha! ha! I'm in a fit,
Ped. Oh, I could pick a little bit.
Scip. Ha! ha! ha! } *together.*
Ped. Oh, oh, oh, }
Loren. A very pleaſant party,
Fern. A whimſical reception!
Scip. A whimſical deception!
Scip. } But maſter and man accept a welcome
D. Iſa. } hearty.
Fern. } Accept our thanks ſincere for ſuch a
Ped. } welcome hearty.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

AIR.——*Spado.*

IN the foreſt here hard by
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuſs in hand
When I bid a trav'ler ſtand,
Zounds, deliver up your caſh,
Or ſtraight I'll pop and flaſh,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.
Damme, Sir,
If you ſtir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.

II.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then ſo ſpruce and debonnaire,
Gad I'll court a lady fair;

How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiſs her and all that,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o!
How d'ye do?
How are you?
Why ſo coy?
Let us toy,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.

III.

But ere old, and grey my pate,
I'll ſcrape up a ſnug eſtate,
With my nimbleneſs of thumbs
I'll ſoon butter all my crumbs;
When I'm juſtice of the peace,
Then I'll maſter many a leaſe,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at eaſe,
Snatch the fees,
Hey down,
Ho down.
Derry, derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.

AIR.——*Catalina.*

I HAVE a lover of my own,
So kind and true is he;
As true, I love but him alone,
And he loves none but me.

I boaſt not of his velvet down,
Or cheeks of roſy hue,
His ſpicy breath, his ringlets brown,
I prize the heart that's true.

So to all elſe I muſt ſay nay;
They only fret and teaze;
Dear youth, 'tis you alone—that may
Come, court me, when you pleaſe.

II.

I play'd my love a thouſand tricks,
In ſeeming coy and ſhy;——
'T was only, ere my heart I'd fix,
I thought his love to try.

So to all elſe I muſt ſay nay;
They only fret and teaze:
Dear youth, 'tis you alone, that may
Come, court me, when you pleaſe.

AIR.

AIR.——*Victoria.*

By woes thus ſurrounded, how vain the gay
ſmile
Of the little blind Archer, thoſe woes to beguile!
Tho' ſkilful, he miſſes, his aim it is croſt,
His quiver exhauſted, his arrows are loſt.
Your love, tho' ſincere, on the object you loſe,
(Aſide) How ſweet is the paſſion! Ah! muſt I
refuſe?
If filial affection, that paſſion ſhould ſway,
Then Love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

DUETT.——*Fernando and Victoria.*

IDALIAN Queen, to thee we pray,
Record each tender vow;
As night gives place to chearful day,
Let hopes of future bliſs allay
The pangs we ſuffer now.

A I R.——*Lorenza.*

I F I my heart ſurrender,
Be ever fond and tender,
And ſweet connubial joy ſhall crown
Each ſoft roſy hour,
In pure delight our hearts ſhall own
Love's triumphant power.

See brilliant belles admiring,
See ſplendid beaus deſiring,
And for a ſmile expiring
Where'er Lorenza moves.

To balls and routs reſorting,
Oh! bliſs ſupreme tranſporting,
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
'Tis you alone ſhe loves.

If I my heart, &c.

A I R.

AIR.——*Phillipo.*

SEVERE the pangs of ſlighted love,
Each hill and dale my plaint ſhall ring,
And, as the woodland wilds I rove,
Sweet Philomel ſhall hear me ſing;
Flower of the foreſt is my dear,
Sweet as the violet of the vale,
Her vows of love are ſweet to hear,
Yet tranſient as the paſſing gale.

DUETT.

DUETT.——*Alphonſo and Phillipo.*

Alph. So faithful to my fair I'll prove,
Phil. So kind and conſtant to my love.
Alph. I'd never range,
Phil. I'd never change,
Both. Nor time, nor chance, my faith ſhould move.
Phil. No ruby cluſters grace the vine,
Alph. Ye ſparkling ſtars forget to ſhine,
Phil. Sweet flowers to ſpring,
Alph. Gay birds to ſing,
Both. Thoſe hearts then part that love ſhall join.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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ACT

ACT III.

AIR.——*Scipio.*

HEY For a laſs and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year;
With ſkin as white as ſnow,
And hair as brown as a berry:
With eyes as black as a ſlow,
And lips as red as a cherry.
Sing rory, tory,
Dancing, prancing.
Laugh and lay down is the play,
We'll fondle together,
To keep out the weather,
And kiſs the cold winter away.

II.

Laugh while you live,
For as life is a jeſt,
Who laughs the moſt,
Is ſure to live beſt.

When

When I was not ſo old,
I frolick'd among the miſſes;
And when they thought me too bold,
I ſtop'd their mouths with kiſſes,
Sing rory, tory, &c.

AIR.——*Pedrillo.*

A SOLDIER I am for a lady,
What beau was ere arm'd compleater?
When face to face,
Her chamber the place,
I'm able and willing to meet her.
Gad's curſe my dear laſſes, I'm ready
To give you all ſatisfaction;
I am the man
For the crack of your fan
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
Your bobbins may beat up a row-dow-dow,
Your lap dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
The challenge in love.
I take up the glove,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

A I R.——*Phillipo.*

MY fair one, like the bluſhing roſe,
Can ſweets to every ſenſe diſcloſe,
Thoſe ſweets I'd gather, but her ſcorn
Then wounds me like the ſharpeſt thorn.

II.

With ſighs, each grace and charm I ſee,
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree;
'Till age ſhall chide the thoughtleſs maid,
When all thoſe blooming beauties fade.

A I R.——*Victoria.*

The muſk-roſe blooms in thorns and tears,
Yet queen of all the garden reigns;
While Phœbe in a cloud appears
Her virgin luſtre ſhe retains.

If foes, or cruel friends unkind,
A thought conſoles each deep diſtreſs,
That conſcious rectitude of mind,
In fortune's frown has power to bleſs.

II.

For ſweets, the tulip proud and gay
Unto the humble violet yields,
And Philomel's ſequeſter'd lay
Tranſcends the chorus of the fields.
If ſoes, &c.

AIR.——*Lorenza.*

Heart beating,
Repeating
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly anſwers each fond hope;
Prithee leave me,
You'll deceive me,
After other beauties running,
Smiles ſo roguiſh, eyes ſo cunning,
Shews where points the inclination.
Heart beating,
Repeating
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly anſwers each fond hope.

AIR.——*Alphonſo.*

LOVE! ſweet poiſon, torment pleaſing,
Pure delight in pain you give.
Thrilling anguiſh, flattering, teaſing,
Ne'er from grief or rapture ceaſing,
Yet I'll love, or ceaſe to live.

GLEE.—*Fernando, Alphonſo, and Victoria,*

AUSPICIOUS powers approving,
Rewards true love in me.
No greater bliſs than loving
When thus belov'd by thee.
No, no,
No while thus belov'd by thee.

GLEE.——FINALE.

Social pow'rs, at-pleaſure's call,
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
Bacchus—Ceres, bleſs the feaſt,
Momus lend the ſprightly jeſt;
Songs of joy elate the ſoul,
Hebe fill the flowing bowl.
Ev'ry pure and chaſte delight
Crown with love this happy night.

THE END

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